

Catalogue



THE
TROPHIES:
OR,
Augusta's **GLORY**
A Triumphant **ODE,**

Made in Honour of the City, and upon the **TROPHIES**
taken from the *French* at the *Battle of Blenheim*,
May the 23d, 1706. by his Grace the Duke of
MARLBOROUGH and Monsieur **D'AUVERGERQUE**,
and now fix'd in the *Guild-hall, London.*

Most humbly **DEDICATED** to

The Right Honourable, the Lord Mayor, the Honourable,
the Court of Aldermen and Sheriffs, and also
the President and Court of Managers for the United
Trade to the *East-Indies.*

Written by Mr. **D'URFET** (*Thomas*)

*Tu regere imperio populos Regina memento,
Hec Ars (Anna) tua est, pascq, imponere morem
Parcere Subjectis, et debellare superbos.*

Virgil. *Aeneid* 6th.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *Fr. Leach*, for the Author, and sold by
B. Bragg in *Pater-Noster-Row*, 1707.

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Introduction Prefatory.

TH E Royal Grant of Her Sacred Majesty, to permit the Standards and Banners, taken from the French and Bavarians at the Battle of Ramellies, June 23 1706, to be fix'd as an Ornament in the Guild-hall of London, is an Honour of so principal a Nature, that to pass it by unnoted, wou'd have been a remissness not to be forgiven.

As a mark of Respect, first therefore to the *Worthy Sir Thomas Rawlinson*, who was last in the Chair, and to whom the fixing the Trophies in the City, was granted by Her Majesty; and secondly, being encourag'd by my ever Honour'd Patron, *Sir Robert Bedingfield*, the present Lord Mayor, and several of the Honourable Court of Aldermen, and other chief Members of the City, to whose Favour and generous Courtesy, I have been frequently much oblig'd: I have endeavour'd in the following ODE, to publish the uncommon Honour done the City by our Gracious Queen, as well as their Acknowledgment upon so glorious an Occasion.

To do great and magnanimous Actions is the glorious Work of an Hero, and to record 'em when they are done, that neither Time may raze, nor Envy obliterate, the proper Business of a Poet. Thus *Achilles* had his *Homer*, and *Augustus* his *Virgil*; nor could Oblivion extinguish the Renown of their famous Deeds, since every Age produc'd some Author to perpetuate and signalize the things that were Memorable and Worthy to Posterity.

Besides, 'tis certain such Publications gave nourishment to the Life of History, and did a decent and becoming Justice to the Actions of the Brave, which Custom, has from Antiquity descended to those Times, as a due Tribute, and well may it be freely paid when it costs us so little, and the Performers so much; there is vast difference between praising *Hercules* returning from his Labours, and being an Undertaker with him; but still Providence makes it Adequate to the Hero's Quality, and there is a certain Ordinance of Fate, endeavouring always to level the Mind and Inclinations, and make, through all degrees, a pleasing Equality in Circumstances; so States, in security, advise, and Warriours, through bazzard's push on, whilst each enjoys the same Contentment, tho to any one's thinking, one side often has much less Reason for't than t'other, for as an excellent Poet says on such another Subject,

The

Introduction Prefatory.

The Brave are only Instruments o'th' Wise;
They undertake the Dangers we advise;
And whilst our Fabrick, with their pains, we raise,
We take the Profit, and pay them with Praise.

And if this be so, 'tis the least thing a grateful Nation can do to encourage such Applause; as it ought to be the greatest Care of a Writer to perform it effectually.

I dare not presume to think I have done the last, I only humbly offer my Diligence, and endeavour to the utmost of my Power, but I thank my Stars, I have one advantage which has not happen'd to any Author through our last Ages, which is, that the late Glorious Actions and Successes are of so Transcendent a Degree, their Memory must for a long Series baffle the Efforts of Time, and also give fair Excuse for any modern Poet's Illustration, since not a Virgil, with his richest Fancy, nor he that with his Sublimibus alta Collumnis, aspir'd to describe the radiant Pallace of the Sun, can be so Eagle-Ey'd to look on such Brightness, without being dazzled, or pretend to applaud without reluctancy of Thought and acknowledgment Inability.

Shelter'd in this Security, I hope I may the better excuse my proceeding on so great a Subject, my Presumption not being a pretence to draw a Piece, which neither a Zeuxis nor an Apelles could perform, but to put it into a Frame, that my Duty may be shewn in its Decoration, tho I cannot aspire to Mastery in the Work it self, as to the Quality of the Ode, I have made it particular from others, the Work being form'd into Musical Stanza's, which are so Lyrically compos'd, that they may at any time singly be set to Musick, and give satisfaction in the performance, the seventh and last being already desired, and doing by some of our best Masters; and to conclude, if in the whole, the Piece be receiv'd as it was written, in Honour of the City, with such Candor from them, as I hope, my Ambition is, and will be at its ne plus ultra, and I shall have gain'd the point, which I most earnestly desire, and hope have deserv'd.

THE TROPHIES.

A

Triumphant Ode.

I.

TO sing (a) *Augusta's* Glory in Extreme;
 A Lofty and Immortal Theme:
Ramellies Wonders likewise to record,
 And Trophies gain'd, by Mighty *Malbro's* Sword:
 When Troops of *Gallick* Boasters fled, (Dead.
 And spurr'd their frighted Horse o're heaps of goary
 I now attempt, my Fancy oh Inspire,
 Not only you, who touch the Tuneful Lyre,
 And with sweet Sounds the Flowry Valleys fill,
 From the Renown'd (b) *Thessalian* Hill;
 But you Angelick Choristers that higher,
 In Starry Regions form your Charming Quire,
 And to Extol your Makers Bounty throng,
 Deign to assist my Muse, and be propitious to her Song.

(a) London.

(b) Parnassus.

B

II. Al-

The Trophies.

II.

Already have our **Learned Brittish Race,**
 For Martial Toyls giv'n dutyous Praise;
 By every Skilful Pen and every Tongue,
 Our Generals Glorious Deeds are loudly sung :
 O'er *Albion's* Spacious Plains renown'd,
 And each Successful Chief with florent Lawrel crown'd
 The Joyful Swain too does the Blessing share,
 And reap his Gains by Labours of the War.
 Thus sing the Tuneful Bards, whilst every Ear
 Expects the Wonders of next year,
 Yet tho uncommon Pleasure fill'd each Breast,
 And new Successes crown'd each daily Feast ;
 Tho Scenes of Bliss our Neighb'ring Citics see,
 The best, oh happy *London*, was by Fate preserv'd for thee.

III.

The Banners of Proud *Gallia* late o'ecome,
 Giv'n to Adorn thy Stately (c) Dome,
 By Royal Bounty shewn to an Excess,
 The greatest noblest mark of Sovereign Grace,
 To Honour thy late *Prætor* (d), does impart
 Imperial *Annd's* Love, and thy high priz'd Desert :
 The sounding Fame of Squadrons made to yield,
 The Waving Trophies of the Conquer'd Field ;
 With Spritely Joy our Neighb'ring Towns posselt,
 The bare Report charm'd every Breast ;

(c) Guild hall.

(d) Sir Tho. Rawlinson, the late Lord Mayor, at whose Suit the Queen granted the Trophies to be hung up in Guild hall.

They

The Trophies.

3

They heard the News, and greatly Joy'd to hear,
But must not in thy Solid Honours share :
The falling Pride of *France*, and *Albion's* Bliss,
Was only proper to Adorn *England's* Metropolis.

IV.

Material Pageantry, such as till now
Ner pleas'd us with a Gaudy shew ;
The dazzling Streamers, which the Croud display,
To raise the Pomp of each *Prætorian* Day,
Tho Splendid, did as Foys appear,
And proper Omens of Substantial Glory near.
Augusta's Streets were ne'r so Nobly grac't,
Nor her Admiring Throng so truly Blest.
The dire Reflection that each Trophy there,
A Haughty *Gallian* once did bear,
Who lately conquer'd, in the dreadful Strife ;
The fatal Banners lost, with loss of Life,
And caus'd the Guardant Troops to fall or fly :
Tho it in *Paris* raises Grief, must *London* fill with Joy.

V.

Dreadful the Sight appear'd, yet pleasing too,
Adapt, yet Terrible the view.
The Tatter'd Ensigns by each Warriour born,
By Murd'ring Cannon in fierce Battel torn.
And others stain'd with Blood, declare
The dire Confusion spread around the Field of War.
Happy the Industrious Citizen, whose Wares
Only to vend, Exact his gentle Cares ;

Or

The Trophies.

Or Rustick *Collin*, who from Danger free,
 Feeds with small pains his Family :
 They can no Groans, nor Whizzing Bullets hear,
 No Ponyards at their Throats appear :
 Well may they boast of Happy Lives they lead,
 O're his, who vext with Wound and Bruise, earns hard
 (his Sanguin'd Bread.

VI.

Bright Honour, thou Religion of the Brave,
 For thee, the Souldier courts a Grave,
 For thee, unfear'd, can worst of Hardships bear,
 Still pushing forward in the Front of War.
 Pull Trophies down were tow'ring there ;
 Then with Applause return, and bravely fix 'em here.
 With solid Proofs of Conquest *Albion* bless,
 And *London* give such Ornamental Grace,
 As not *Camillus* did in Triumph shew
 Great *Pompey* from *Spain's* Overthrow :
 Or *Pontus*, where so valiantly he fought,
 Home to the Senate, ne'er such Trophies brought,
 Nor with such glorious Ensigns grac'd *Rome's* Walls ;
 Nor greater *Cæsar*, who so oft subdu'd the Vet'ran *Gauls*.

VII.

That Stately Pile, of old, Renown'd by Fame,
 That bears the Great (e) Apostles Name ;
 That spite of Hell, does now aloft aspire,
 And prove Magnificence contriv'd by Fire,

(e) St Paul's.

The Trophies.

5

And that by thriving (f) *Gresham* rais'd ;
For noble Architecture so renown'd and prais'd :
Where all the Ancient Royal *Brittish* Race,
High in their Niches, the grand Structure grace ;
Supream *Augusta*, still thy Greatness shew :
But thou *Guild-Hall* art fairest now.
Temples and Domes, with every Golden Spire,
The Gaping Vulgar dully may admire ;
The Wise, the Palm will to thy Glory yield,
Form'd of the Honour'd Trophies won in fam'd *Ra-*
[*mellia's* Field.

VIII.

The Pomp is fixt, first th' *Gallian* (g) Lillies shine,
Unskill'd in Knowledge to divine :
The Motto (h) failing in its boasted Force,
To guard its own, or stop the Gen'ral's course.
Nor could the Blessed (i) *Mary's* Grace
Support her, when the Troops flew off in wild Amaze.
The hircling *Switzers* too, with eager Flight,
Forfook their dreadful (k) black, green, red and white,

(f) The Royal Exchange.

(g) The Description of some chief Banners, 1st, One of the French, blue and yellow, with a white Cross, with four Flower de Lis; the Motto (h) in Gold In Lillies fortior.

(i) Two others, French, white chequer'd, on one side the Arms of the Prince of L——, on the other the Virgin Mary.

(k) The Switzers Banner or Standard.

C

Whose

Whose Party-colour'd Flag seem'd to relate
 In Emblem, their promiscuous Fate.
 See next a Laurel, (*l*) for fam'd Chiefs to wear,
 An Olive (*m*) on a Rock, a wounded (*n*) Bear,
 A Dove and (*o*) Branch, all figur'd to excite,
 But to explain their Cause unjust, not one adapted
 [right.

IX.

And now ye *Brittish* Heroes, close your Eyes,
Bavaria's (*p*) Sun's in hast to rise ;
 His numerous Suns, for with Ambition steel'd,
 He took great care to spread 'em round the Field.
 Oh Fate, what wondrous Pow'rs oppose,
 Who forc'd the Planet thus to set before he rose:
 But since by Fates appointment all things move,
 This Hotspur too predestin'd Ills must prove:
 The Fatal Element seem'd to conspire
 His Fall, that gave him so much Fire,
 As did the rash and stubborn Mould o'ersway,
 And scorch for want of moderate Allay ;

(*l*) Another Standard, bearing a Wreath of Laurel, the Motto, Aut Coronari aut Rumpi.

(*m*) Another with an Olive Tree on a Rock ; the Motto, Per Ardua Laurus.

(*n*) Another a Wounded Bear ; the Motto, Ex vulnere crudelior.

(*o*) A Dove with an Olive Branch ; the Motto, Uni servo fidem.

(*p*) Several Standards of the D. of Bavaria, bearing a Rising Sun ; the Motto, Non pluribus impar.

Thus

The Trophies.

7

Thus fir'd, *Bohemia* being vacant found,
In Fancy oft he reign'd, and still is dreaming he is
[Crown'd.

X.

Rash and misguided, Savage, as the (q) Beast
At large in his next Flag exprest:
In which are Hieroglyphically shewn,
The Creatures Monstrous Temper and his own.
Daring at all, but barren in Success,
Still aiming at great things that never come to pass.
This made him, fill'd with Insolence, abhorr'd,
First take up Arms against his Sovereign Lord.
Next basely turn from that indulgent side,
Whose (r) National Bounty fed his Pride.
Till Bankrupt, pushing for the tout at last,
Our Mighty *English* Hero, spoyl'd his Cast;
Hew'd down his Troops, and gave so smart a Blow.
As ne'r will heal, whilst deep (s) *Mebaigne* or Cry-
[stal (s) *Gheet* shall flow.

XI.

Successful *Britain*, thy quick Opticks cast
On the Affairs of few years past;

(q) Another Standard of the D. of Bavaria, blue Sarsnet, his Arms on one side, on the other
a Bear looking back on the Sun; the Motto is, On the connoit a l' Ongle & au Soleil.

(r) In King William's time, who supplied him yearly.

(s) Two Rivers near Ramellies.

The wondrous Change 'twixt present time and those
 When all these Flags were waving for our Foes,
 Who safe in numbers that outvy'd,
 Left Tyranny no Bounds, nor Medium gave to
 [Pride
 The *Gallick* Dragon, like th' Infernal Fiend
 Of old, who Man's Destruction had design'd,
 Ranging from East to West, with Ravenous Power
 And sparing none he could devour.
 In yearly Mischiefs still did Monstrous grow ;
 But Plagues that then increas'd, are waning now :
 Triumphant *Marlbro*, most admir'd of Men,
 A Second *Michael*, came, and fought, and forc'd him to
 [to his De

XII.

Oh wondrous day, giv'n only to admire,
 But to describe let none aspire :
 The Rays of Glory dart so fierce a Light,
 They dull the active Sence, and blind the Sight ;
 The heights of Battel cannot be exprest,
 Where Terrour, Rage and Doubt, with Valour
 [charm the Breast
 Suppose the Trumpet sounds, th' Attack begun,
 Th' undaunted General, like the Circling Sun,
 Doling his Orders round, then yonder see
 Brave *Auverquerque* with Skilful Gallantry,

Charging

Charging the Rear, view next the hot *Bavare*,
Foaming with Rage, and flying in Despair;
Whilst our victorious Troops the Spoils enjoy,
And at their Feet there kneels for Life, *Le Regimen du*
(*Roy.*)

XIII.

So should Ambition fall, so Tyrants bow,
Who sit on Pyramids too low;
Whose Arrogance soars to Imperial Sway,
O're *Europe* as if fated to obey:
But giddy Climbers soon'll fall,
And Chance to various Points, can turn her wavering Ball.
Slavery with which they thought to curb us here,
Is only proper for their Soil to bear,
Where each Court-Mandate wears a double Face,
And rank Oppression goes for Grace.
This Providence, with sacred Clemency,
Survey'd, and soon resolving Remedy,
Albion impower'd, who th' Sword of Justice draws,
Sharp pointed to demolish th' Old, and teach 'em better
(*Laws.*)

XIV.

Success, the Soul of Martial Enterprize,
Thrice happy *Albion* now enjoys
Great *Marlborough*, the blest Genius of the War,
Darting propitious Influence from far,
Makes *Gallia's* Tyrant shrink for fear,
Whose *Dæmon* quite o're aw'd, abhors the coming Year.
D Pride

The Trophies.

Pride stoops already, sute that War may cease,
 Is publick made, by Overtures of Peace.
 He that this Forty Years has swom in Gore,
 And would unhinder'd Forty more.
 Through wondrous Pitty, and Pretence to Good,
 Would save Effusion now of Christian Blood.
 So preach'd the Wolf, in Fable to the Lamb,
 A Plot pernicious to seduce, and get her from her Damb.

XV.

But well have *Albion*, and th' Allies design'd,
 To check his Mischiefs in right kind;
 To make him court a Peace, and be deny'd,
 Is the best Cure for rank o'rgrowing Pride.
 The great *Nassau's* Abuse is of fresh Date,
 And breach of Faith too gross, already to forget,
 Since Peace would sweetly sound in *Europe's* Ear,
 Let it approach, but War too, be as near;
 Let Squadrons march, and fill the spacious Field,
 And there be the great Chartel seal'd:
 But grasp the Shield, and hold aloft the Blade,
 Prompt to be sheath'd, as ready to invade.
 Let *English* Honour, no more Trust advance,
 Since *Lewis* often has confirm'd, 'tis not the Growth of
 (*France.*

XVI. Return

The Trophies.

I I

XVI.

Return Divine *Astrea*, then return,
To *Europe*, who thy Loss does mourn;
Avenging Fate, the grand Disturber quells,
Crush'd by their Weight, whose Cause, and Arms
(excels;
Flanders regain'd, the Ground has broke,
And *Spain's* assur'd Revolt, will soon assist the Stroke:
Tho' Discords may retard the waring Chiefs,
And *Charles* be doubtful to secure Reliefs,
Great *Anna's* fresh Supplis his Fear will charm,
And once again *Madrid* alarm;
The muzled *Grandees* when Protection comes,
In Shoals, with Joy will quit their weary Homes,
Shake off *French* Yoaks, whilst *Anjou* from on high,
A Meteor shews, that with short Blaze, darts headlong
(from the Skye.

XVII.

'Tis *Britain's* Work, as 'twas at first her Care,
In which, *Augusta* falls thy Share;
The great *Emporium* of our happy Isle,
Can ne're want Will to aid such glorious Toyl.
Th' *Indies* appear, and golden Sands,
Decreed thy own, now seem to glitter in thy Hands.
Far as the Rays of circling *Titan* warms,
Thy Populace is known, thy Wealth, thy Arms.
Thy

The Tropics.

Thy numerous Sons, as learned Heads (*a*) account,
Rome, Rouen, Paris joyn'd, surmount;
 Thy generous Hospitality, thy State,
 Thy Wisdom too, in solid Deeds of Weight,
 Late prov'd, by one inspir'd Act, whose Fame,
 Whilst silver *Thames* can flow, shall raise, thy great, thy
 (honour'd Name.

XVIII.

Here let my Muse chant out her sweetest Strain,
 The glorious Thought of Brave *Eugene*;
 And quick Dispatch of that important Sum,
 That to faint Troops (*b*) did a blest Cordial come;
 Regales me with uncommon Joys,
 Anew inspires my Song, anew confirms thee Wise.
 The glorious General that first form'd the thing,
 Then thou, who didst it to Perfection bring.
 Serene (*c*) *Godolphin*, by whose prudent care,
 O'th' Kingdom's Purse 'twas brought to bear.
 Oh, what Applause can reach next to Renown,
 Your Acts the Sage requires a Civick Crown.
 The golden Bags were fill'd, the Bills were sent,
 And Blessings crown'd with Victory, compleated the
 (Event.

(*a*) Sir William Petty, very ingenious in critical Accompts of this nature, declares, *Rome, Rouen and Paris*, to have fewer People by 1900 than London.

(*b*) Two hundred and fifty thousand Pound sent Prince Eugene, subscrib'd by the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Treasurer, and Lord Hallifax; and introduc'd by them to some Members Chief of the City, who subscrib'd also very freely.

(*c*) The Lord Treasurer, by whose Prudence and extraordinary Management, in keeping the Interest of Money at 5 per Cent, overcame the Difficulty of the Loan.

XIX.

Turin reserv'd, her harass'd Lord set free,
 As now the Plains of *Italy* ;
 The Castle seiz'd, and soon to follow these,
Cremona, and the stubborn *Milaneze*,
 Revering other Acts of Fate,
 We as a proper Due, must joyntly own 'tis great :
 Observe ye Patriots, what Gold can do,
 When generous Hearts their firm Resolves pursue !
 O'rewhelming Rivers cannot stop the way,
 Nor the flush'd Conqueror delay.
 Thus Matters form'd by Prudence prosper still,
 The Act was good, and so the Blessing fell :
 Seraphick Judgment charm'd each Head and Hand,
 Do such another thing, and be the *Magi* of the Land.

XX.

Augusta, happy Favourite of Fate,
 Thus nobly boasts her Wise and Great ;
 Each late revolving, and succeeding Year,
 Has still prefer'd some Worthy to the Chair ;
 Uncommon Grace her Genius shews,
 And for continued Bliss, the present (a) Prætor chose
 Whom, as a noble Patron to commend,
 Or to applaud, as a true generous Friend,

(a) Sir Robert Bedingfield, the present Lord Mayor.

His stedfast Temper, Justice, Honesty,
 Prudence, and firm Integrity;
 Would make each lofty Dome with Ecchoes ring,
 If he would hear so long as I would sing:
 But as great Minds have secret modest Laws,
 So Merit blushes oft when prais'd, that yet must have
 (Applause.

XXI.

Since *London's* Chiefs thus gain a glorious Name,
 And *Gallian* Trophies raise her Fame,
 Let my prophetick Soul from hence divine,
 Her Planets still propitiouly will shine:
 Peace crowns the end, a noble Peace,
 From Tax will free the Land, and give to Trade Increase.
 The Face of Providence serene and fair,
 Seems now to shine on gracious *Anna's* Care,
 Whose late Effort, of wonderful degree,
 The Union with old *Albany*,
 Compleated, will Her deathless Glory raise,
 Excel Fame's Voice, and soar beyond all Praise:
France to subject, and *Scotland* to unite,
Britain has Royal Gems produc'd, but none before so
 (bright.

XXII.

As when the Chaos in Disorder lay,
 Proud *Lucifer* disdaining Day,
 Glowing with Rage, and eager to rebel,
 Provok'd th' Eternal to consign him Hell;

Whilst

The Trophies.

I 5

Whilst straight the Fire, Earth, Sea and Air,
With Harmony dispos'd, made the Creation fair.

So sacred *Anna*, having nobly quell'd,
And made a second *Lucifer* to yield.

The Season smiles, Trees bud, clear Water flows,

And Nature new Creation knows.

Discording Crowns in happy Union joyn,

Cemented by her Influence divine:

Thus *Albion* in her precious Life is bless'd,

Grant Goddess Fate, she there may Reign, whilst Time
(it self can last.

F I N I S.

(it left can late
and God's love, the more they fight, while time
is left, for in her presence life is found.
Gathered by her influence divine
Lifting, growing in happy Union joy
And I know my Christian home
The Spirit's fruit, I see but, clear Water flows
And made a second heart to yield
To love and being made
With faith and love, and the Christian's
With faith and love, and the Christian's